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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

No. 2.

C O N T E N T S :

Vol. 19.

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Travels in India. Anecdotes of the
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WILL CENTERLAND

ANTHONY CITY

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SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1884.

NO. 2.

A SCENE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

OUR readers can get an idea, by looking at the engraving here given, of one of the ways in which the wives of African chiefs travel. The frame upon which the woman sits is made of light, tough wood, and is covered with cloth of brilliant colors; the poles by which it is carried are very elastic and strong, thus making this mode of travel not at all unpleasant.

Our engraving represents the wife of a successful chief, who is going out with her long train of attendants to meet her lord. He has been waging a war with a neighboring tribe and his wife, as is customary, remained secluded until after the success of his undertaking was proclaimed. She then exultantly came forth from her seclusion and led her joyful subjects to meet their master. Had this chief fallen in war or been made captive, his wife would either have destroyed herself or been added to the household of the successful leader.

The number of different tribes in Africa is almost endless, and the variety of language is also very great. Although kings are generally chosen to preside over the various tribes and nations, their power is not absolute: each one must consult with the "head men" of his tribe in regard to any and all important measures. These "head men" are of the more intelligent and wealthy classes, and form the aristocracy among each tribe. Women are generally found in a very degraded position, yet the wife or wives of the king (for a plurality of

wives is not forbidden) often take part in the council, or rather "palaver," and exercise their influence in the affairs of state.

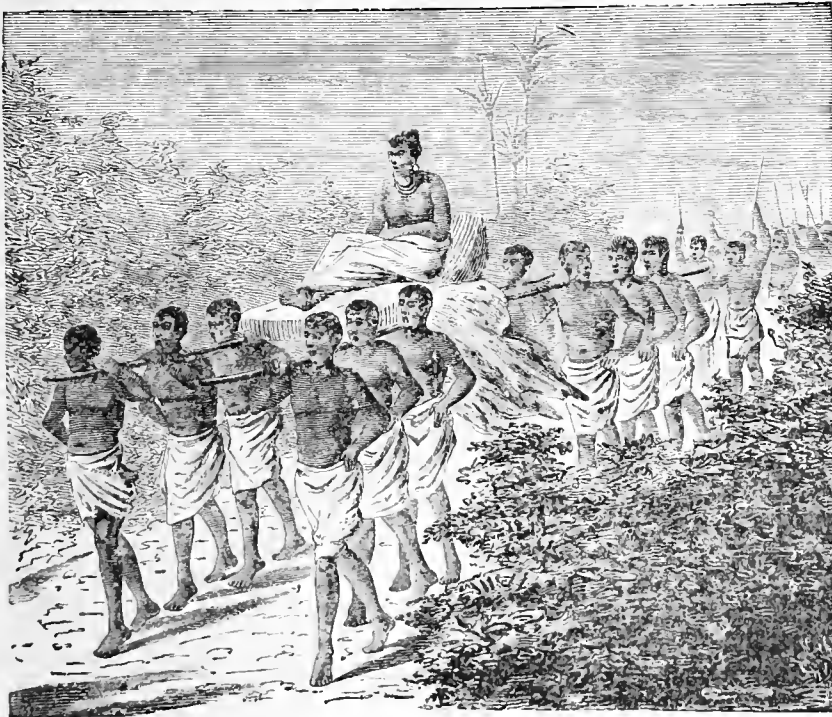
In times of peace the tribes of the interior barter with each other quite extensively. The trading is principally done by the chieftains or by men specially appointed for that labor, who are very much respected by the people. The law of payment among these uncivilized races is very severe: where debts are contracted and payment is delayed, not only is the debtor

himself, but in his absence, any member of his family liable to be seized and retained or sold as a slave. Thus creditors are secured in their loans. Numerous are the cases in which the domestic peace of a family has been destroyed by the action of an exacting creditor, who has cruelly seized and disposed of the person of his unfortunate fellow-man.

It is stated upon good authority that, notwithstanding the protestations of civilized nations, slavery is still carried on quite extensively in parts of that benighted continent. Yet there is little hope of a complete reformation in this respect until mankind ceases to be avaricious, and the negro race has ascended to a higher plane of intelligence.

complete reformation in this respect until mankind ceases to be avaricious, and the negro race has ascended to a higher plane of intelligence.

GIVE me the liberty to know, to think, to believe and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties.—Milton.



Prize Dialogue.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

CHARACTERS:

Mother, Lizzie, Frank, Jesse.

SCENE I.—A sitting-room; chairs, stool, table, and work basket on table. Mother discovered sewing at table, children standing near her with hat and caps in hand.

Mother. "Well, my dears, to-day is Saturday, and you must have something to occupy you. It is a lovely morning, and I would like to have you spend the time out of doors if I can think of something useful for you to do. Your morning chores are all done and you have the most of the day before you." (*Pauses and puts her hand to her forehead as though in thought.*) "What was the subject of your president's remarks in your last primary meeting?"

Frank. "She did not have any particular subject, mother, but she told us to think over the principle of charity, and when we came next time, we were to tell her our conclusions and reflections."

M. "That would be comparatively easy for you, Frank, who are almost a young man, and soon to advance to the young men's mutual improvement association; but for Lizzie, who was nine last birthday, and my baby, Jesse, who is only six years old, it will be a much more difficult task. However, I think I can arrange a plan that will practically illustrate the principle, and thus teach you far more forcibly than can be done through words alone. My plan will also take you out of doors and give you some exercise. What do you say, children?"

Lizzie. (*Leaning on her mother's knee.*) "If you don't need me at home, mamma, I should like to go out with Frank and Jesse. But will we be gone all day? Hattie Free was coming to play with me, and we were going to make doll clothes this afternoon; shall I go and tell her not to come?"

M. "No, my dear, it will not be necessary for you to be out all day, and you and Hattie can have your play this afternoon. Now, I must caution you to be careful and not tell each other your secrets until you first tell me. My plan is this: I will give each of you twenty-five cents, and let you go away for a few hours. Frank, you must have a care for Jesse, although he is to have his liberty to go about. Now this money (*giving each a quarter*) is your own, and I wish you to use it, as nearly as you can in real charity. Try and bring your memories, and also your common sense, to bear on what you may have heard or thought about the principle of charity, then act accordingly. At the close of the afternoon, or about sunset, you must all come to me here and relate what has happened to you, what you have done or said, and how you have used your money. Now then, kiss me good-by, and scamper off as fast as you like. Be careful where you go, don't spend your money for anything but charity, and don't remain out after 5 o'clock."

(*They kiss their mother and run off* R. U. E.)

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II. (Same as Scene I.)—Frank and Jesse enter R. U. E., taking off caps as they enter. Lizzie enters L. U. E. carrying doll and looking sad.

Jesse. "Lizzie, have you been cryin'? Broke your dollie? Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll buy you a real live baby, and it'll cry and open and shut its eyes. So don't you mind."

L. "I didn't break my doll, Jesse, but I must not tell you what I've been crying about, for mamma told us not to tell."

J. "No, you mustn't tell your 'secrets,' 'cause then maybe mamma wouldn't let us go to primary."

F. "Hush, children, here comes mother."

(*Enter mother R. U. E.*)

M. "Welcome, little rovers! Now, come and tell your stories of the day's experiences. Jessie, come to mamma—(*Takes him on her knee.*) Where have you been? And what have you done with your money?"

J. "You know, mamma, you said to do charity with it, and I just gave it to a ragged old man without any leg but one; and he said, 'God bless your pretty eyes!' and then he rubbed his eyes, and blowed his nose such a big blow! Was I charity?"

M. "Dear little Jesse, your heart is very warm and true, if your words are a little queer and childish. You mean you were charitable, my boy. Now, Frank, let me hear your story."

(*Jesse jumps down and sits in chair; Frank stands at mother's side*.)

F. "I have heard my father say that true charity consisted in giving work to the needy, and then pay them well for their work, that idleness and vice may not be encouraged. So, mother, when a boy about my own age came to me and commenced begging for something to eat, I told him he might cut up my morning's kindlings, and help Jesse and I hoe out the melon patch, for which I would pay him twenty-five cents. He didn't hardly like to do it, but I shamed him by telling him he was too lazy to earn his salt, and was too young and strong for a beggar, when he pitched right in and worked just splendidly. I am sure the money came better to him after he had earned it. I think I used my quarter well, and was, as Jesse there would say, quite 'charity.'"

M. "Now, Lizzie, the boys have told their stories, come here and tell yours; and tell me also why you look so very doleful and sorry. You have not lost your money, I hope?"

L. (*Sitting down on stool at mother's feet and speaking slowly.*) "No, mamma; here is the money. I did not give it away, nor use it. No one asked me for it, and I was afraid of hurting feelings by offering it to any one. I am sorry."

M. "Don't be cast down, my child. It is quite right not to offer money to people, for the very poorest are often the most sensitive. But tell me what you have been doing to-day; did you and Hattie have a good time?"

L. "Oh, mamma; if you ask me I must tell you, but I don't like to tell about Hattie, for she was very naughty. She talked so bad about our playmates, and said so many cross things about Jennie Harper because Jennie is smarter and richer than Hattie or me, that I just talked to her. I told her that I did not think it was nice for her to tell such stories about our playmates; and I said Jennie was smarter than me, but I did not hate her, only was glad of it. I told her I loved all our friends, and begged her to love them too. She was ashamed, I guess, for she talked good about Jennie too, and we had lots of fun after that, for we both felt so nice and happy."

M. "Dear child, (*kissing her*) you have all unconsciously found the deepest, broadest, most Christ-like meaning of the word charity. Little Jesse gave his money to the poor, and he will receive a blessing for it. Frank encouraged an idle beggar to earn the crust of bread for his dinner, and may thereby have planted the seeds of usefulness and thrift in a

vagabond's heart. He also will be blessed. But my girl has thrown over the faults of her companions the shining mantle of charity. It will reflect upon herself and those around her with a pure, bright glow, and fill all hearts with the love of Christ. Let this lesson sink deep into your hearts; and remember the words of the Apostle Paul: 'And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'

"And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

"Now, children, your day and your lesson is ended, so come with me and prepare yourselves for supper, and to meet your papa who will be home before we are ready to meet him unless we make haste. Come, Lizzie."

(*Exeunt R. U. E., mother holding Lizzie's and Jesse's hands; Frank following.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 374, Vol. xviii.)

BEFORE leaving this part of the subject, I will state that the Christian propagandists in the district of Orisa were very much exercised over the policy adopted by the servants of the East India Company in rendering substantial aid to further the idolatrous practices of the Hindoos. It was the practice, at the close of the *Rath Zatra* festival, to dismantle and take to pieces the cars, after which the various materials were sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds applied to the temple fund. Consequently, new cars had to be manufactured annually. It was generally understood that the cost of construction would be paid by the company. A revenue collector of the company was stationed at Puri to collect a tax from every pilgrim, based upon an estimate of the time that each pilgrim would remain in Puri. These collections went to offset the expense incurred in the building of the cars. Hence, the missionaries would set up a howl occasionally that the East India Company was trafficking in idolatry.

The same course was pursued at Allahabad, at the confluence of the two sacred rivers, the Ganges and Jumna, which locality is another Hindoo shrine. Here the pilgrims have their heads shaved, and the hair is carefully deposited in the stream where the waters of these two rivers mingle. This process, according to Hindoo mythology, redeems their deceased friends. The barbers that perform the shaving, are hired by the civil officers of the company, and a certain tax is imposed upon every pilgrim that visits this shrine.

Now, I will return to the construction of the vessel, and will state it was very annoying to submit to the studied deceit and chicanery of the artizans and coolies who were employed on the vessel. It also taxed one's patience to become used to their slow, primitive mode of doing their work. As soon as they acquired a little means from their labor, they would become trifling, saucy and impudent, and strike for an increase of wages. I would immediately start a few runners into the surrounding villages imparting the information that carpenters and sawyers would find employment, and in a very short time

the places of the strikers were occupied. However, as soon as this fresh batch had earned a few rupees they would be effected with like symptoms as the former ones, and also strike for an increase of pay. By this time the first strikers were waiting and anxious to take their places. This is the perplexing manner in which I had to get along with them.

A large portion of their time was also occupied in attending religious *Pugas* and celebrations. One, in particular, was the *Doorgah Pugh* which comes off at the last of September of each year. This celebration consists of all the professions paying devotions to their instruments and tools by means of which they obtain their livelihood; such as the farmer, his implements of husbandry; the artizan, his tools; the soldier, his accoutrements of war and so on through every grade. The workmen were generally very careless and exercised but little sympathy and feeling towards each other. In their awkwardness in handling timbers and tools, they would oft-times bruise and cut themselves, and sometimes others. It may be in point to state here the healing effects of olive oil which had been properly set apart to apply to the afflicted that have faith. When cut and bruised they would apply to me to dress their wounds. I had nothing with me in the shape of medicines but olive oil. Through their hereditary superstition they had no faith in me as a servant of God, and for the reason already stated I had none in them, they having no conception of the power of God through faith. I would dress their wounds, using the oil freely with an inward sympathetic feeling that God would bless the poor creatures. In a few days their bruises would be healed up. The news soon spread in the villages that the *sahib* building the ship was a doctor. Many came to me afflicted with diseases of the skin, whom I looked upon with pity, and applied oil to the afflicted parts, after which their diseases would gradually disappear.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 5.)

ON the 31st of May the organization of President Young's company was commenced by appointing Zera Pulsipher captain of hundred, with John Benbow and Daniel Wood captains of fifties; also, Lorenzo Snaw captain of hundred and Heman Hyde and John Stoker captains of fifties. The next day the further organization was proceeded with by the appointment of William G. Perkins as captain of hundred and John D. Lee and Eleazer Miller captains of fifties; also, Allen Taylor captain of hundred and John Harvey and Daniel Carn captains of fifties. Isaac Morley was chosen President of the company, with Reynolds Cahoon and William W. Major as his counselors. Horace S. Eldredge was selected as marshal, and Hosea Stout as captain of the night guard. President Young was sustained as General Superintendent of the emigrating companies, and Daniel H. Wells as his aid-de-camp. In President Young's company there were 1,229 souls, 397 wagons, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1,275 oxen, 699 cows, 184 loose cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 3 goats, 10 geese, 2 hives of bees, 8 doves and 1 crow, the latter owned by Judge Phelps. President Heber C. Kimball's company organized by electing Henry Herriman captain of the first hundred, and Titus Billings and John Pack captains of fifties; subsequently Isaac Higbee was appointed captain of a fifty. In his company there were 662

souls, 226 wagons, 57 horses, 25 mules, 737 oxen, 284 cows, 150 loose cattle, 243 sheep, 96 pigs, 299 chickens, 17 cats, 52 dogs, 3 hives of bees, 3 doves, 5 ducks and 1 squirrel.

On the 29th of June, Amasa Lyman, with a company of 108 wagons, left Winter Quarters for the Elkhorn River. Dr. Willard Richards left there with his company on the 3rd of July. These companies joined in electing James M. Flake captain of hundred, Franklin D. Richards and James H. Roleins, captains of fifties, and Robert L. Campbell historian of their camp. In these companies there were 502 whites, 24 negroes, 169 wagons, 50 horses, 20 mules, 515 oxen, 426 cows and loose cattle, 369 sheep, 63 pigs, 5 cats, 44 dogs, 170 chickens, 4 turkeys, 7 ducks, 5 doves and 3 goats.

After Presidents Young and Kimball's companies left Winter Quarters the place presented a desolate aspect. A terrific thunder storm passed over, accompanied by a hurricane, which tore wagon covers to shreds and whistled fearfully through the empty dwellings. A few straggling Indians camped in the vacated houses and subsisted upon the cattle which had died of poverty, and upon such other articles of food as they could pick up.

Some years after Winter Quarters was abandoned by the Saints, an attempt was made to build a city there. Streets and lots were laid out and the city was called Florence. At one time, and for a brief period, it was thought by some persons that it would become a place of importance. Land went up in price, city lots were sold at fancy figures, and a number of good dwellings were erected; but the excitement soon died out and the place fell into decay. It is only six miles north of Omaha, Nebraska, and that city has completely overshadowed Florence, and taken to itself all the business which those who laid out Florence hoped it would have. It is interesting for one who knew Winter Quarters in the days when the Saints lived there, to visit the place now. Many of the foundations of houses, and especially the "dug outs" in the side of the hill, can now be plainly seen, and the old lines of streets and lots can be easily traced.

At Ancient Bluff Ruins, Brothers John Y. Greene, Joseph W. Young, Rufus Allen and Isaac Burnham from this valley met President Young and company on the 12th of July. They brought several letters, and 18 wagons and teams with which to assist the emigrating companies. Eight of these teams were sent on to Winter Quarters by Daniel Thomas; the others were used in assisting Presidents Young and Kimball's companies. The small amount of help received from the valley at this point was a disappointment. President Young had thought with good reason that the people in the valley would have it in their power, and would esteem it as a pleasure—all having covenanted to help each other until all were gathered to the mountains—to send back teams to help the companies who were on the road into the valley. He and the brethren were disappointed, therefore, in meeting eighteen wagons almost broken down, most of them needing the resetting of their tires, six of them without any appearance of a cover and some even without bows, and many of the cattle footsore; and especially to learn by letter from the valley that these were "all the teams that we could spare, that were fit to go." They had hoped to be able, with the help received from the valley, to send teams to Winter Quarters after the mill-irons, millstones, printing presses, type, paper, and carding machine; but with the few wagons and teams which had been sent them this could not be done.

Five days after meeting these teams, President Young sent a letter, under date of July 17th, to the valley. It had the

effect to stir up the authorities there to make greater exertions to fit out teams and wagons to send back to help the emigrating companies. That letter reached the valley on the 6th of August. On the 9th it was answered; this answer President Young received on the 23rd of August. Respecting the sending back of help, the letter said:

"As early as was thought prudent we started back all the wagons, oxen and men that the people thought they could spare at the time; and under the circumstances it was deemed best to let that suffice until we could hear from you. We are now busy setting tires, hub-bands, etc., and raising all the men, oxen and well-fitted wagons that we can send to you as speedily as possible, and we shall keep starting them off until we send all we have to spare, or until we receive word from you that you have teams and wagons enough."

A few days after the receipt of this letter, President Young met, on the Sweetwater, 47 wagons and 124 yoke of cattle, which had been sent from the valley for the assistance of the companies in charge of Brothers Lorenzo Snow and Abraham O. Smoot. This was a timely and most welcome relief. Presidents Young and Kimball then sent back to Winter Quarters, in charge of Allen Taylor, 48 men and boys, 59 wagons, 121 yokes of cattle, 44 mules and horses.

(To be Continued.)

HARMONY OF GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.

BY J. H. W.

(Continued from page 10.)

BUT let us continue. In the twenty-first verse we are told that God created great whales (literally sea-monsters) and every living creature that moveth which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind and every winged fowl after his kind." And here we also perceive that the waters are again represented to be as it were the nursing mother of both birds and the lower orders of animal life. Mark also that the term "created" is used only three times in the whole of this record; first in reference to the creation of the earth, second in reference to sea-monsters, and third in reference to the creation of man.

While revelation teaches us that the period when the waters were to bring forth abundantly, was in a succeeding epoch to that in which vegetation commenced; geology bears testimony that there are few remains of animal life till we come up to more recently formed strata, than the vegetable deposits of the coal measures. It is only when we arrive at the chalk measures that we find an "abundance" of animal life. Recent investigations have shown, that chalk is mostly composed of shells in every stage of change, some perfect, some broken, and still others decayed into an impalpable dust. Some of these shells are so minute that it would require 1,800 placed side by side to measure a single inch. Perhaps no human intellect is able to form a conception of this profuseness of animal life. Well might Moses say the sea brought forth abundantly. Again, geology teaches us that "birds made their first appearance during this epoch." No fragments of the skeletons of birds have yet been discovered in formations older than the chalk.

Further it is only in strata formed subsequently to the chalk that we find the remains of those monsters that

made the earth to tremble beneath their tread and lashed to foam the billows of the primeval ocean. To those who are unaccustomed to view fossil remains the dimensions of some of these seem almost incredible. Just think of monsters 120 feet in length with teeth eleven inches in diameter and eyes whose sockets were more than eighteen inches across; and we can easily perceive that the statement of Moses is verified, "And God created great whales" (literally sea monsters). Of this epoch, Le Conte says, "it was preeminently an age of reptiles." There are now on the whole face of the earth only six large reptiles over fifteen feet long—two in India, one in Africa, three in America—and none over twenty-five feet long. Yet in the strata that correspond to this period in Great Britain alone are found the skeletons of at least five great Dinosaurs from twenty to sixty feet long, and in the United States the fullness of reptilian life was even greater; for, one hundred and forty-seven species of reptiles have been found, most of them of gigantic size. Among these are fifty species of Mosasurs, seventy or eighty feet long, also species of crocodiles fifty feet long, besides great numbers of gigantic turtles." These are some of the remains that are still preserved. But the fossil animals of any period are only a remnant of the animals of that period. That the climate of the earth was then warm and uniform is sufficiently attested. All great reptiles are now found only in tropical or subtropical regions; but the remains of these monsters are scattered in all latitudes from New Zealand to Spitzbergen. In all this we see a wonderful agreement between the account given by Moses and the records of geology.

Geologists agree that during the latter part of this period the earth began to assume conditions similar to those which prevail at the present time. This is indicated by the abundance of deciduous plants (that is plants that drop their leaves each autumn), which are to be found in North America. It is thus evident that the climate was becoming cooler, the dense atmosphere which so long had wrapped the earth as with a mantle had dissipated; the carbonic acid and other poisonous gases, which were totally unfit to support animal life had been absorbed by the rank vegetation of the coal period. Geologists tell us that this was the period when the Wasatch and Uintah mountains were formed and the center of the western continent upheaved, by which the great interior sea which previously divided America into two continents was abolished. The change of physical geography was enormous, and the change of climate was doubtless correspondingly great. It was natural, therefore, to expect, with the opening of the next era, a very great change both in plant and animal life. So ended the fifth epoch of creation, for "The evening and the morning were the fifth day."

Moses opens the record of the sixth epoch by the words, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature, after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so." Geology confirms this by declaring, as it were, that then her modern history commenced. Then began the present aspect of field and forest; and modern types of animals were introduced and became predominant. Many of the species of both plants and animals were identical with those still living. Further, one of the most noteworthy facts connected with the first mammals (or milk-giving animals), is the suddenness of their appearance in great numbers, and of all, or nearly all orders, even the highest, except man.

Lastly, we are told, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion

over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth" (*Gen. i. 26*). Thus from scripture we learn that the closing and completing work of the creation was man.

Geology triumphantly confirms the revealed fact that submarine animals, land vegetation, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds, were all of them in existence, successively and collectively, before the first of the human race. Further, that the earliest remains of men, yet discovered, indicate that they were distinctly and perfectly human, as much so as any race now living, and were not in any sense an intermediate link between man and the ape. When his habitation was prepared, and the materials of the forest and of the mine were all ready for his use, then, and not till then, did man appear. Thus the record of Moses, and the record of nature bear each other witness. The same narrative told by the ruler of Israel four thousand years ago, is also told in its own expressive language by the very earth on which we tread, as if it were "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever."

NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

THIRD NIGHT.

BY KENNON.

NEARLY a week elapsed before I was again invited by Flynn to accompany him on one of his night rambles. When he did finally request me to go with him, he apologized for the fright which I had received through being caught and conducted to prison in the company of the smugglers. I really had been startled, and I confessed as much; but I assured him that the annoyance of the arrest and detention had been more than compensated for, by the novel experience I had enjoyed. On this third night he said that he was taking the place of a regular reporter and that it would be necessary to go the rounds of the police stations, morgue, etc., and gather up the dark chapter of crime and mystery. We began at ten o'clock by visiting the central department at the city hall. Here the evening list showed a half score of arrests. As my friend read the entries over aloud, and frequently asked the registry clerk a few sharp questions, about one case and another, I became filled with curiosity. But after he had finished his perusal he said, "Only a few unimportant things so far, and those I will leave for the routine man to get."

I glanced inquiringly at him, and he answered my look: "The routine man is the fellow who compiles the day's record of arrests. We leave all the petty cases for him. He is usually a new man or a third-rate one; and after we have scanned the register and picked out matters of interest, he generally finds nothing but unromantic details left for himself. But occasionally we who do the higher class of work discover that we are being outstripped by the man of inferior position. If he finds anything of peculiar interest overlooked by us, he sometimes has sense and ability enough to write it up in an attractive way and he thereby brings himself under the notice of a city editor. For my part I am always glad to give a

beginner a good chance, but he won't find much to-night I fear."

While he was speaking we lounged into the reporters' section of the large hall. The place set apart for these "pickers up of unconsidered trifles" was enclosed within a low, heavy railing, much mutilated by knife and pencil marks, and was furnished with a long table, a few rickety chairs and an elegant sofa which looked as much out of place here as its aristocratic occupant—an effeminate-looking youth, who lolled across it in high enjoyment of the antics of his rat terrier and the flavor of his cigarette. Flynn did not at first notice this occupant of the room; and as soon as his gaze fell upon him he whirled abruptly and walked away muttering to me, "Oh, let us spare ourselves the annoyance of that idiot's companionship! He is the gentleman journalist. His father has more millions of dollars than the boy has grains of common sense; and he is trying to squander wealth on this whim. Our lot was hard enough before; it is now made doubly severe by his participation. He drags the furnishings of his mother's drawing rooms into these squalid places, just like he forces the boastful chink of his father's coin into our impecunious conversation. Unfortunately he is not alone. He is but the type of a class who have taken the notion that it is the proper thing in their circles to say, 'We writers for the press find we have a serious responsibility in supplying the dear public with its news and its opinions.' I detest the maunders. Let us go to the morgue for relief."

It was, indeed, refreshing to get out of the noise and odor of the prison into the street. We traversed two or three squares, pleasantly lighted and companionably crowded with people, before we reached our gloomy destination. Arrived there we stopped for a few moments in the cosy office, while a no less cosy attendant informed Flynn, with much animation and a joyous, sparkling air, of the wonderful new-comers. He called it, "The jolliest case imaginable! We have not had such another one since last Summer when the thirty corpses were brought in at one time from the wrecked ferry-boat."

His manner, so different from what I had expected, almost stupefied me. I had come to visit a morgue, the gloomiest place in all the world. But this fellow's happy, chirping way would naturally have led one to think that we were at the door of some place of amusement. Only his words forced the conviction that we had not mistaken our destination, and that we really were entering the house of the dead.

What an awful change it was when we passed into the long gallery! The office had been comfortably furnished, a bright fire had blazed in the grate, while the room had been cheerfully lighted by gas. Now we were in a long, cold hall paved with stone, illuminated by that most chilling thing, the electric light, and having only the grimmest, most ghastly furniture. In the center was an aisle extending the full length of the gallery. On either side was an iron railing like that of a cage, reaching from floor to ceiling, stretching from one end wall to the other, and having frequent doors, now barred and bolted, but showing means of ingress and egress. Behind this railing was a long row of marble tables. They were nearly all unoccupied and those which were vacant looked like tombstones appear in moonlight. But this was not the ghastly sight. I had been gazing down these narrow apartments—I tried to believe out of curiosity—yet it was really from dread. Upon entering the hall I saw that the first table on each side had a white, stark burden upon it. I saw for an instant the drip of the icy water upon the rigid *some things* lying there. And then I turned away in awe of the mystery. Now as I

stood looking at the long rows of marble slabs, more solemn in their shining whiteness than they could have been if draped in funeral black, I felt the presence of the clay on either side. I heard the slow splash of the water as it fell upon the unresponsive forms. Something told me that these dead were men; but were they young or old? rich or poor? learned or unlearned? How had they come to this? through their own crime or that of others? While I was thus thinking, Flynn, too, had been gazing silently; but his glance I knew was directly upon the dead.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE death of GENERAL THOMAS L. KANE is an event of which my readers have been apprised through the usual channel—the newspapers. The first intimation I received of his illness was contained in a dispatch, dated Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1883, which stated: "General, ill with pneumonia; very little hope; to-morrow will decide." Next day I received the following:

"PHILADELPHIA, Pa.,

"8 29 a. m., Dec. 26, 1883.

"Hon. George Q. Cannon:

"Your friend died quietly at half past three, this morning."

"ELISHA K. KANE."

To this the annexed reply was telegraphed at once:

"I am stunned by this sad event so unexpected. President Taylor joins me in expressing the profoundest sympathy for your mother and the family in your bereavement. Thousands of hearts in this Territory will be filled with grief at the news of the departure of so devoted and steadfast a friend. At what time will the funeral take place?

"GEORGE Q. CANNON."

To me the news of his death came with the suddenness of a blow. It was only about four weeks before that I was last at his house and spent some hours with him. He was in excellent spirits and talked hopefully about the future which lay before the people of Utah. I thought he had not for years looked better or more likely to live than he did then, and I indulged in the hope that there were many years of life yet before him. I had many interviews with him during my visit east, and though very busy, he laid aside all his own affairs to counsel and act for the benefit of Utah. His love and zeal never appeared to me to be deeper or more active than they were on those occasions. When I felt that I was trespassing too much upon his time and patience, and so expressed myself, he never failed to chide me for having such thoughts. He had no business, however important, he said, that he would not willingly lay aside at any time to devote attention to our affairs. No man could manifest a deeper interest, or have greater anxiety, for the welfare and prosperity of the people of Utah than he. Especially in times of trouble and when prospects appeared threatening to us was this the case. He carried our burdens at such times to such an extent that they affected his health. On many occasions when I have met him after, or during an unusual period of excitement over Utah affairs, and inquired about his condition, he has responded that his wounds or his health was not the cause of any feebleness which I noticed; but anxiety concerning us. This anxiety constantly manifested

itself in active exertion whenever he saw an opportunity where it could be of use. If for any reason he did not obtain satisfactory intelligence concerning any movement that was being made against us, he never failed to address inquiries to some of us respecting it. His tireless interest in our behalf I have personally, of all others, the greatest reason to remember and be grateful for. Upon several occasions at Washington I have been delighted by unexpectedly receiving a call from him. Several of these visits were prompted solely by the desire to help avert some measure that his advices had led him to believe was threatening to me personally or to the people. Without solicitation from me, or from any one else, he had laid aside his own business, and regardless of expense, gone to the point where he thought his influence might be used to advantage for our good. When he did not make a visit he never omitted in times of difficulty to send messages of comfort and cheer. It is only a few days since I was looking through a package of letters and found a telegraphic dispatch and letters from him, sent at the time that the news had reached the east, of the infamous action of the District Court here in committing the three executors of the estate of the late President Brigham Young—Brigham Young, Albert Carrington and myself—to prison for contempt of court. Our contempt consisted in refusing to give additional bonds of \$150,000, when we were already under bonds for \$300,000! We felt that this attempt to get additional bonds was nothing more nor less than a plot to levy black-mail, and therefore we preferred to submit to imprisonment for contempt than to lend ourselves to the scheme by asking our friends to give bonds for us. It was at this juncture that I received the following message from him:

"I will be your bail for \$150,000, if your court will accept of me."

He would have come out here at that time had it been of any use, and so telegraphed and wrote to me.

As I write, another illustration of his forgetfulness of self and his ardent zeal in behalf of Utah comes to my mind. It was during the Buchanan administration. Governor Cumming, who had been sent out by President Buchanan with the army as governor of the Territory, did not work harmoniously with the army officers. Differences had arisen between them at the time they were in camp during the Winter at Ham's Fork and Fort Bridger.

These differences increased after they came into the valley, and the influence of the army people was used with the administration to have Cumming removed. President Buchanan was inclined to yield to the pressure of Albert Sidney Johnson's friends. Johnson at that time was quite an influential personage; in fact influences were being used to prepare the way for him to succeed General Winfield Scott as the commander of the army of the United States. President Buchanan made inquiries of some of General Kane's friends as to how the removal of Governor Cumming would be received by him. He heard of this, and, though at the time confined to his room with an attack of pleurisy, saw that something must be done to prevent the removal of Cumming, which he viewed at the time as a move that would be unfortunate to Utah. The Historical Society of New York City—a very influential Society—had solicited him to deliver a lecture upon Utah affairs; but he had postponed accepting the offer. He saw that this was the opportune moment to deliver it, and though suffering from severe pain he resolved to go to New York and deliver the lecture. His friends tried to dissuade him from the step, as they felt that he was endangering his life. But he

was determined to go, and wrote to the President of the Society, who was pleased to accept the proffer of the lecture. Accompanied by his physician he traveled from Philadelphia to New York, delivered the lecture, in which he eulogized Governor Cumming, and gave him the praise that was due to him for his conduct after reaching Utah, and the next morning there appeared in all the newspapers of the country, through the associated press, a brief epitome of the lecture, and commending Governor Cumming's administration of affairs. It had the effect to turn the scale in Cumming's favor. President Buchanan relinquished the idea of removing him, and he remained Governor until he had served out his full term. I was in the east at the time and familiar with all the circumstances, and I was deeply impressed with the General's conduct on that occasion. I have often thought that probably there was not one Elder in the Church out of a thousand who would have taken such risks or deemed it necessary to have gone to such pains as he did on that occasion to accomplish such an end. I was present at the lecture and saw that he suffered great pain during its delivery. But this was characteristic of the man. When a duty had to be performed he never hesitated about attempting it. He might be feeble or sick, yet his will-power was so strong that he succeeded in bringing the weakness of his body into subjection to his spirit.

Upon hearing of the death of President Young, he dropped his business and started immediately for this city. He felt that perhaps he might be of aid, and if he, by his presence or counsel, could be of any service, it would repay him for his trouble.

He loved the President with surpassing love and always listened with reverence to his counsels, esteeming him one of nature's noblemen—one of the bravest and truest patriots whom he knew—and this love on his part was fully reciprocated by the President. President Young saw the noble character of the man and highly esteemed him for the sacrifices which he had made in behalf of a persecuted and unpopular people.

It has been a cause of great delight to me to be acquainted with him and to be his friend. He is endeared to me by innumerable acts of kindness. I loved him for his devotion to justice, to constitutional rights and to the liberty of man. He was amiable as a woman and possessed all the lovable traits of the softer sex, and with it every robust quality of manhood, being absolutely without fear.

He has gone to his rest, and the Lord will assuredly reward him according to his works. He was a noble spirit and will reap the reward of noble deeds.

I HAVE received a letter from Mrs. Kane, from which, knowing how deeply interested the Latter-day Saints are in all that concerns him, I take the liberty of copying in part:

"DECEMBER 30th, 1883.

"My dear Mr. Cannon:

"Your friend suffered intensely until a few hours of his release, and his mind was wandering from the outset of the attack. Yet in the intervals of consciousness he was fully persuaded of the approach of death, and made efforts to give us counsel and to bid us farewell. In one of these lucid moments he said: 'My mind is too heavy, but do you send the sweetest message you can make up to my Mormon friends—to all, my dear Mormon friends.'"

Mrs. Kane adds:

"Nothing I could make up, I am persuaded, could be sweeter to you than this evidence that you were in his latest thoughts."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



N the death of GENERAL THOMAS L. KANE—which sad event took place at his residence at Philadelphia, on the morning of Dec. 26, 1883—the Latter-day Saints lose a constant, watchful, influential and courageous friend. His demise may be said to have been very unexpected. While on a recent visit to New York he contracted a heavy cold, which resulted in pleuro-pneumonia, and which, after an illness of only ten days' duration, ended his earthly career.

General Kane was born in Philadelphia, 1822, and was the second son of Judge John Kent Kane, and the younger brother of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the distinguished Arctic explorer. When sixteen years of age he went to reside with a relative in England, and subsequently visited the continent, where his education was completed. Returning to this country he studied law and was admitted to practice. He was afterwards appointed clerk of the United States District Court in which his father presided.

Though Gen. Kane would be faithful in the discharge of any duties he might undertake, he was of such a temperament that active, adventurous life was best suited to him. In this respect he resembled his distinguished brother. He was a man of intense convictions, and when his feelings were aroused in favor of any cause he threw himself into it with the whole ardor of his nature. He hated oppression in every form, and his quick sympathies naturally went out to the weaker side. He never took the measure of a cause, or became its friend, because of its popularity. He possessed the most lofty courage. In him were most happily blended physical courage of the most daring and chivalrous character, and a moral courage to speak words and perform acts at which all his friends and associates wondered. He took delight in combating and redressing wrongs, and had he lived in the days of chivalry he would have been a knight without fear and without reproach, to whom no person, however weak and unpopular, would have appealed in vain for help. He had been furnished with rare opportunities of knowing the world and becoming familiar with its leading men, especially the foremost men of his own country and of England and France. He was not only a gentleman by nature, but in the European sense of the word, a gentleman by birth and breeding and of highly cultivated manners, and a scholar, also, of wide and varied attainments. But beyond and above all these he was a pure man in his morals. No one who knew him intimately could fail to be impressed by his abhorrence of vice. He had mingled with the world, but no taint of its corruptions attached to him. He was a chaste man himself and he loved and admired this quality in others. Is it any wonder that having such characteristics as these, General Kane's active sympa-

thies should be touched by hearing of the wrongs inflicted upon the Latter-day Saints? He had just returned from France, a young man of twenty-three years of age, when he heard of what had taken place at and around Nauvoo, Illinois. He did not debate the question as to whether the "Mormons," as they were called, were orthodox in their religious views, or not. It was enough for him to know they were human beings and American citizens, and that they were unpopular and friendless and cruelly treated. He became interested in them. Col. Jesse C. Little was then in charge of the branches of the Church in the Eastern States. General Kane freely used his own and family influence in the Colonel's behalf to enable him to bring the "Mormon" case before President Polk and other leading men of the government. Not content with this he started for the west to see for himself what could be done in behalf of the people. The Saints had good reason to believe that he was inspired of the Lord to do this; for why should this young man forsake his ease and pleasant surroundings in the east to expose himself to the perils and encounter the hardships of such a journey in behalf of a strange people, of whose true character he knew but very little? He was of a delicate physique, and the fatigues and exposure of that journey came very near proving too much for him. For some time after reaching the camp of the Saints on the Missouri river he hovered between life and death. Under President Young's direction he was nursed with all possible care. When his condition became such as to make his recovery doubtful he had an army physician at Fort Leavenworth sent for, not to get the benefit of his skill, but in the event of his death, to prevent the possibility of lies being put in circulation concerning the treatment he had received from his much misrepresented "Mormon" friends. At this time was laid the foundation of that love and friendship which he always felt and never failed to exhibit, whenever danger threatened the Latter-day Saints, and which he expressed so pathetically in his dying words to his loving wife and children. He became familiar with the leading men of the Church; he read their true characters; the bulk of the people, also, he learned to know, as no man not of their number had ever known them; and the result was that from that time forward he became their devoted friend and unflinching defender. He believed they had rights which ought—equally with the rights of other people—to be respected. How he defended their rights by his tongue and pen in the face of mighty odds and great unpopularity, is well known throughout the length and breadth of this Territory. In this as well as in everything else he undertook, he was morally courageous, a qualification that, in too many instances, is sadly lacking in public men.

It is gratifying to know that he himself always felt that the Latter-day Saints in their subsequent career in these mountains, had amply justified his anticipations concerning them and fully sustained and vindicated his public estimate of their worth.

While in the west he bestowed attention and thought upon the condition of the Indians. He learned of the impositions practiced upon them, and after his return he boldly attacked and exposed the Indians rings at Washington. The same feeling which prompted him to defend the Indian aroused him to sympathize with the enslaved black man. He felt that slavery was a curse to his country, and the earnestness and depth of his convictions were exhibited in the course he took respecting its abolition. Many of his relatives and very dear friends were either slaveholders themselves or in full sympathy with the system. It must have been painful for one of his affec-

tionate nature to differ with and oppose them. But, as in everything he undertook, he took hold of this in earnest. He made three voyages to the British West Indies to study the work of emancipation there, and extended his researches to the Spanish Islands.

At the time the army was sent to Utah by President Buchanan—through the lies and misrepresentations of federal officials—and the whole country was in a state of great excitement over the reported condition of this Territory, he saw another opportunity of rendering his country and the people a service. It was plain to him that the administration would be disgraced for its hasty and ill-considered action, and being intimate with President Buchanan, he succeeded in bringing such facts to his knowledge that he became anxious to correct the blunder. He desired General Kane to act the part of a mediator, and gave him such letters as were necessary. During the Winter of 1857-8 he undertook this mission, so hazardous and difficult because of the season of the year and the character of the country to be traversed. He traveled by way of the Isthmus of Panama and California, and thence by what was known as the Southern route, to this city. It was a journey both dangerous and difficult, and particularly trying to his health. It was while here on this business that he heard the very unexpected and sad news of the death of his father, Judge Kane, between whom and himself there existed, in addition to the tender ties of father and son, a strong and warm personal friendship, founded upon mutual respect for each other's qualities. In the hearts of all Latter-day Saints acquainted with the circumstances surrounding General Kane's trip to Utah at that time, there will always be an affectionate remembrance of his self-sacrificing and heroic conduct in their behalf. This is not the time nor the occasion to dwell upon his action at greater length. But that it was appreciated by President Buchanan is evident from the compliment paid to him, in the message to Congress of 1858, upon the manner in which he had filled his mission.

In 1860, when the war of the rebellion broke out, he threw himself unhesitatingly into the contest, and organized what is known as the "Bucktail" regiment from among the hunters, trappers and lumbermen of the north-west portion of the State of Pennsylvania. This regiment did some splendid service in the war; and General Kane proved himself to be a brave soldier, and an adept in military tactics. During the war he was wounded on several occasions; but his indomitable will kept him at the post of duty. The regiment under his command did some hard fighting at Gettysburg, where, suffering from sickness and wounds he withdrew from active command. In doing so he issued the following order to his men:

"The hard fighting is over. If there is to be more of it soon I will be with you. If not, farewell, and may God bless and reward you for your noble conduct, but for which neither I nor any of the thousands of this army would have home, country, pride or honor to return to. If you should not see me again in the brigade I hope you will remember long and affectionately your friend and commander."

For his bravery in the war he was breveted Major General, a mark of distinction he had fairly earned.

For some time after his partial recovery from his wounds he was compelled to walk about on crutches. He was in this condition when he paid a visit to Utah during the Winter of 1872-3. While here he recovered sufficiently to discard the use of his improvised helps.

Throughout his whole life, General Kane was earnest in whatever he undertook, outspoken in whatever he believed to

be right, unselfish to the highest degree, and fearless in all his ways. Indeed it was his earnest, outspoken, unselfish and fearless ways that caused him to be beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He was a man who never allowed his right hand to know what his left was doing. He was possessed of a great soul. His chief object in life was to do good. Not that he might be considered good for having done good; but rather, he loved to do good because it was good to do good. He was superbly unselfish in all the transactions of life. Many a time and oft has he risked his own life in trying to help those whom he considered needed help. No greater love hath any man than that he is willing to lay down his life for his fellow man. Such a man was General Kane. His philanthropy was of the broadest and most liberal character. He was ever trying to do some good thing for the benefit of others. It was foreign to his disposition to look upon suffering without concern. He was educated himself, and he loved the cause of education. He was charitable himself, and he never tired in helping the cause of charities. He loved children, and he liked to see them gambol, and play, and sing at home, and he was not unmindful of the music and mirth they needed in schools. He was a man of business, too. He took an active interest in railroad-enterprises. But, above all, he was a man of peace, and would do anything to avert hostility. In a word he was a remarkable man.

General Kane was small in stature, and slender in form, and yet it will be perceived, from what we have written, he was capable of performing duties—self-imposed or otherwise—which called for great physical endurance. It was his great will power that carried him through; otherwise, from the pain he periodically suffered from the wounds he received in the war, and the mental strain incidental to the active life he led, he must have broken down long ago.

In his life-long labors of love, General Kane has had the able support of his kind and generous wife, who survives him with three sons and one daughter, the latter a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, of which the deceased was one of the founders, and in the success of which he took the deepest interest.

General Kane has passed away. He has gone to the spirit world, where he will meet with many friends whose object in life was the same as his own—the elevation and amelioration of the human family. He has gone to a great reward, and in his departure Utah has lost a valuable and exceedingly courageous friend. Yet in his case our loss is his gain. His is a character worthy of emulation. His thorough unselfishness and devotion to true principles of right, regardless of unpopularity, will always redound to his credit in time and in eternity. We trust it will be the ambition of our young and thoughtful readers to pattern after such a life—to nurture unselfishness—to cultivate moral courage—to be chaste and truthful, and to ever be ready to defend the truth under all circumstances. Such a course will bring honor in this life and exaltation in the life to come.

We sympathize with the bereaved family of the deceased, and we are sure we express the sentiments of all the Latter-day Saints when we pray that the blessing of the Almighty may rest upon them now, henceforth and forever.

Blessed be the memory of THOMAS LEIPER KANE!

"WISHING" is the stumbling-block of progress and reform.
"Doing" is the lever that moves the world.



A FIERCE VENGEANCE. (*See next page.*)

A FIERCE VENGEANCE.

BY NEWAYGO.

IN the Autumn of the year 1858, a party of sixteen miners were encamped on Cherry Creek in the south-western part of Dakota. This little stream is a tributary of the Big Cheyenne river, which in turn discharges its foaming waters into the turbid Missouri. The men had come down from the prolific gold-fields of the near north-west, to spend a few weeks in hunting and fishing. They hoped to be able to lay in a good Winter stock of provisions from stream, and forest, and plain; and thus to spare themselves the necessity of a long and costly journey to the settlements. Much danger attended their plan; because the fierce Sioux Indians inhabited the region. And no one of the gold-hunters could deem himself safe from their death-dealing hands, even for a single hour. But several weeks had elapsed after the first location of the miners upon the creek, and they were still unmolested. Twice they had divided forces, each time sending eight of their number back to the diggings with pack animals heavily-laden by game. Once the party had returned safely and promptly. The time for their arrival from their second home journey had come. Two or three days more than the usual time had passed, and still they did not arrive. No real uneasiness was felt because it was supposed that the men had been occupied some little time at the diggings in making needed preparations for Winter. What added to the sense of security was the fact that no hostile Indians had been seen or heard from since the two forces last separated.

At the end of a week, seven of the home party returned on foot—one of their companions, Eugene Griffiths, was missing, and one of the seven was wounded. They gave this account of a disaster which had befallen them: They had begun their return journey from the diggings to the hunting camp even earlier than on the first trip, having become better acquainted with the trail; and were two days out from the diggings, when one night their horses stampeded. Griffiths was on guard, and calling to his companions, he dashed away after the animals. The miners had been sleeping with their rifles by their sides, so to follow their guard was their immediate act. Their way was across a little plain for half a mile, and then they encountered a belt of timber. Just as they reached this point, Griffiths, who was a little in advance, cried out, "Come on, boys, I'm hit!"

This was the first intimation that his companions had that they had been assailed by Indians. They followed quickly, and were greeted by a volley of arrows. One of the men was wounded in the thigh; but they all pressed forward being guided by the sound of the horses' hoofs. In a few moments they were enveloped in darkness and silence. The guiding sound ceased, and the stars, faintly glimmering through the tree-tops, shed no light for them. No more was heard from Griffiths and fearing that he was lying wounded, they resolved to wait until morning.

When dawn appeared they searched vainly for him. For three days they followed the trail of the Indians, but they had to take so many precautions that their progress was necessarily slow. At last they lost the trail entirely, and were obliged to retrace their steps. When they reached the hunting camp the wounded man found his injury much inflamed. In making the last few miles he had been born on a willow stretcher.

The miners gave Griffiths up as lost. His brother Richard, who was the leader of the party, was the last to lose hope. But when a month had elapsed, and their hunting was finished, and the wound of their companion healed, they all concluded that it was no use looking further for the lost man. Before the first snow storm they started for the diggings. The second morning out they found the trail of two horses leading in the direction of their mines. They followed it all the way there, and on arriving discovered that their lost man, Griffiths, had found his way back, and with him an Indian girl.

He told his friends that on the night of his disappearance, he had been captured by a small hunting party of Sioux. By them he was taken to the village and detained a close prisoner awaiting the healing of an arrow wound in his arm, and the coming of the big chief and the warriors from a buffalo hunt. Early in his captivity he gained the friendship of the medicine man's daughter; and their association soon ripened into love, on her side at least. Griffiths was somewhat acquainted with Indian dialects and he had mastered sufficient Sioux, to be able to address the maiden in tones of endearment. The constant absence of the braves gave the lovers a good opportunity; and one night, after the girl had made all possible preparations, they had fled taking with them two of the horses formerly stolen from the miners. He had come to rejoin his people, and she had come to be with her love—forgetting her own kin and the young chief-lover of her own hue to whom she had been promised in marriage.

During that Winter the miners lived at the diggings and were comfortable and unmolested. When Spring came, a large party started for the settlements and with the party went Griffiths and the Sioux maiden. She had been a Catholic before meeting Griffiths and evidently was possessed of considerable intelligence. When they reached civilization Griffiths accepted her religion and honorably married her. They settled in Ohio and so far as the state history or the domestic chronicles inform us they lived happily ever after.

But this is a true story and therefore does not end with the marriage of the hero and heroine. Richard Griffiths and his companions remained at the gold fields. The next Autumn they were again encamped on Cherry Creek, hunting and fishing as before. One morning the men left camp early, leaving only one of their number to prepare breakfast. When they returned an hour later they found his dead body scalped. An arrow was sticking in his breast, and his face was sadly mutilated. His gun and ammunition were gone. They knew that Indian cunning had been at work. But there did not seem to be even a blade of grass disturbed by a red skin foot-step.

That evening, while Richard Griffiths and two of his mates were sitting before the camp fire, feeling perfectly secure, because ten of their fellows were posted around the place as sentinels—Richard's eyes unconsciously followed the stream of light from the fire shining upon one of the surrounding banks. As he looked his companions saw an expression of horror overspread his face. They turned their gaze in the direction of his, and there, crouching low upon the bank and peering through an opening in the trees scarcely ten yards away, was an Indian brave. The miners sprang to their arms, but as they did so, the Indian also arose and lifting his gun and taking deliberate aim, shot Griffiths dead. Then he disappeared.

All that night the survivors searched the forest in vain for the brave. When the morning came they held a council and decided that the region was getting too warm for them and

that they must return at once to the diggings. They resolved to bury Griffiths' body beside that of their other companion. When they went into the thicket to get the corpse, they found the scalp gone and the face scarred. While they were digging the grave on the bank of Cherry Creek, a young Sioux brave, wearing full war-paint and death-feathers, appeared on the opposite side of the stream. He stood fully revealed to them for an instant, then he fired upon them, and turned back into the forest. The shot was fatal, and one more of their number had been parted from them. Such a succession of deaths, coming so swiftly and surely was appalling. The living fled; and, packing their animals, started for the diggings.

But they were no longer safe. Each night and morning thereafter witnessed the loss of one from their little party, until seven men had died and been scalped. There seemed to be only one assailant, the young Sioux warrior; but he was so adroit that all efforts to capture, kill or evade him were fruitless. The night after the death of the seventh man, was very stormy. Rain fell in sheets, accompanied by fierce thunder and lightning, and the crash of falling timber. All the miners were drenched, and by morning were chilled and exhausted. They sadly gathered their frightened horses and began the day's march. Before they had traveled two hundred yards, they encountered a huge fallen tree which blocked the trail. In passing around it, they found that some creature had been caught beneath it. They looked closer, and there, crushed to death under the forest monarch, was the warrior of the Dakotas. He had evidently sought shelter from the rain, and had found his fate.

At the belt of the dead brave hung seven scalps. The miners carried eight away with them and one dangled from a lock of long, black hair.

LORD NELSON.

(Continued from page 15.)

FOR several days before that on which Nelson's eye was gladdened with the sight of the French fleet, his anxiety had been so intense that he could neither eat nor sleep. Now, however, his mind was easier, and, while preparations were being made, he ordered dinner to be served, and seated himself at the table with his officers.

"If we succeed," said one of them, "what will the world say?"

"If!" exclaimed Nelson; "there is no if in the case. That we shall succeed is certain, though who may live to tell the story is a very different question. Before this time to-morrow," he exclaimed, as they rose from the table, "I shall have gained a peerage or a place in Westminster Abbey."

It was four o'clock when the fleet advanced amid showers of shot and shells from the island of Begniers. At the same time, a steady fire was opened by the enemy; but this was received in silence. The men on board each of Nelson's ships continued to furl their sails and prepared to anchor.

At this critical moment a French brig endeavored to decoy the fleet to a shoal which lay off the island, but the attempt was vain. The English moved gallantly onward. The *Goliath*, leading the advanced ships, doubled on the French vessels at anchor between them and the shore, while the main body, led by Nelson in the *Vanguard*, with six colors flying at

different parts of his rigging, lest one should be shot away, took their station outside the enemy. Veering round half a cable, the *Vanguard* suddenly, just as the sun was going down, opened fire, under cover of which the other ships sailed on ahead. The play of cannon was soon terrific. In a few minutes every man at the first six guns in the forepart of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded, and these guns were three times cleared. Ere seven o'clock night, closed over the scene, and the darkness was unbroken save by fire that flashed incessantly from the guns of the hostile fleets.

At the commencement of the battle four of Nelson's ships were at a considerable distance. They had endeavored to come up, but the darkness immensely increased the difficulties of the navigation; and the *Culloden* ran aground in such a way that every exertion to get her off to take part in the action proved vain. This accident, however, prevented further mischief. The other vessels, warned of the danger, and guided by the *Culloden*, which served as a beacon, escaped her fate, and took up their station in a manner that excited admiration.

By this time the French had suffered severely. Indeed, the action had not lasted a quarter of an hour ere their two first ships were dismasted. Before long the three next were in the hands of the English, and the battle wore such an aspect that the French could no longer hope for victory. Brueys, on board the *Orient*, received three wounds, but would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two; and he desired to be left to die on deck. Scarcely was Brueys dead when a fire broke out on board the *Orient*. The ship had been newly painted, and the oil jars and paint buckets fed the flames, which rapidly mastered the ship; and such was the conflagration, that the hostile fleets were now distinctly seen, the colors of both being quite visible.

Meanwhile Nelson was not unscathed. A piece of langridge shot, striking him on the head, inflicted a ghastly wound, and a large piece of skin, cut from the forehead, fell over his eye, and left him in total darkness. One of his captains caught the hero in his arms, and, alarmed at the effusion of blood, hardly doubted that the wound was mortal. Nelson was instantly carried below; and the surgeon, leaving the seaman whose wound he was dressing, hastened to attend the admiral.

"Not yet," said Nelson, pushing him away.

"Why not?" asked the surgeon, in surprise.

"Because," answered Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

After a time Nelson's turn did come, and great was the joy displayed when the surgeon, removing the skin from the eye, announced that the wound was superficial, and declared that only quiet was necessary. But at that instant a cry arose that the *Orient* was on fire; and Nelson, forgetting his wound, rushed on deck and ordered his boats to the relief of the imperiled crew. Only eighty of them could be saved. The flames rapidly overpowered the ship, and about ten she blew up with a tremendous shock.

After this explosion, which was felt to the bottom of every ship in both fleets, and succeeded by an awful silence on both sides, the firing was renewed, and continued till three o'clock. But the defeat of the French was at that time complete. At daybreak two of the French ships had colors flying, and, cutting their cables, they stood out to sea, accompanied by two frigates. None of the others escaped.

"What a victory!" said the English.

"Victory!" exclaimed Nelson; "victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene. It is a conquest."

When news of the battle of the Nile reached England, Nelson was created a peer, with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham-Thorpe. Many thought his title should have been higher, and in the House of Commons, General Walpole expressed his opinion to that effect; but Pitt treated the question as not worthy of discussion.

"Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be coequal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had won the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount or an earl."

(To be Continued.)

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF MISSIONARIES.

THE difficulty attending the introduction of the gospel in Germany can be more easily realized by the reading of the following incidents from the experience of Elder Ludwig Suhrke:

"I went to Kiel, an important sea-port town in the north of Germany, where I rented a small room in which to lodge, and then commenced to preach the gospel. A few honest souls heeded my teachings which caused the anger of the police officials to be aroused, and notice was given me to leave the city within four days. Failing to do this, a warrant for my arrest was made out and an officer was sent to serve the same on me. I learned, however, of this action and hid myself in the cornice of the antiquated building in which I was stopping. The officer and his assistants came, searched the house from cellar to garret, and, although they passed within two feet of me I remained hidden from their view. They remarked that I must have the power of making myself invisible, as I could not be found in any nook or corner of the aged building. The next morning the police again visited my place of residence, and this time, making no effort to conceal myself, I went with them. An imprisonment of two days followed and thereafter an expulsion from the city.

"I, however, returned to the city shortly afterwards, and when passing a police station was seized by a policeman and roughly dragged into the building. I told this cruel man that his house should sink to the ground, and before two months had elapsed his wife was dead, his only child was in a lunatic asylum and he was suffering untold torments. Thus did the judgment of God speedily follow a man who fought against His servants. I here suffered an imprisonment of seventeen days and was again escorted outside of the city.

"Being desirous of attending conference in Copenhagen I went to Kiel for the purpose of embarking for that place, but I was again seized and underwent an incarceration of thirty-eight days. I was then placed on a boat bound for the Danish capital.

"After a short visit in Denmark I made my way to the city of Hamburg, where I was allowed to preach the gospel unmolested for some little time. But again the minions of the law sought me out and for upwards of six weeks I was furnished board and lodging in a Hamburg prison.

"Thus I was compelled to suffer in my body for the gospel's sake, but in my spirit I never felt better. In fact, after being

released to return home, which occurred shortly after my imprisonment in Hamburg, I felt somewhat loath to leave the people without giving to them another warning of what the wicked might expect.

A SISTER belonging to one of the branches of the Church in Europe was taken suddenly very ill while in a settlement at some little distance from where the Saints were located. She was taken to the hospital where both physicians and nurses pronounced her beyond recovery. She also felt that unless some change took place she could not last much longer.

While reflecting on her condition she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was taken on her bed to the place where the branch to which she belonged was located, and there, through the administration of the Elders, was restored to health. The impression left on her mind by this dream was so vivid that on awakening she requested her attendants to take her to the cars and place her therein that she might return to her home.

Her physicians and nurses protested, but to no purpose, and she was accordingly sent to her home. Here the Elders were called in and she was anointed and blessed: her recovery was almost instantaneous, and an affliction, from which she had suffered more or less for years, was removed as if by magic.

CO-OPERATION.

BY J. C.

IT is rather a singular thing to see so many who profess to be Latter-day Saints ignoring the principles of co-operation, and regarding them as things unworthy of their attention and support. The very object of the gospel is to make us one in all things, and Christ, referring to this oneness, says, "Unless ye are one ye are none of mine."

The Priesthood of Aaron was given to the Church for the express purpose of administering and directing the temporal affairs thereof. We own and recognize this Priesthood as a necessity, but, strange to say, some of us seem to think that it should exist in name only, but not in practice.

If the gospel has been revealed as a perfect, complete system, to meet all our temporal and spiritual conditions and wants, how can we consistently accept one part of it and reject the other. We must either receive it as a perfect whole, or reject it as an imperfect organization; and, if we view it in the latter sense, it is no better than the false, pandering, vacillating schemes of men, that change to suit the caprices and conveniences of the human mind.

The purposes of God in relation to man, are eternal and unchangeable, and His superior intelligence enables Him to know best what is for our temporal and spiritual interests, and to benefit us in the very best possible manner. He has sent us the fullness of the everlasting gospel to circumscribe all that pertains to us in this life, and in the life to come.

Joseph Smith, the prophet and founder of the latter-day work, was so strict in relation to the Saints having as little dealing and intercourse with their enemies as possible, that he forbid them by command of God from using their wine, for sacramental purposes, and told the Saints that water would be preferable.

Brigham Young spoke very emphatically and urgently to the Saints on co-operation, and home enterprise; and where is the reflecting person that will doubt the veracity and importance of his many timely admonitions? A great many of the Saints see the folly of not having put his counsels into effect, and the entire community are less prosperous to-day because of the same.

President Taylor has striven with all his energy to show us the absurdity of bartering away our pecuniary interests, and has many times rebuked us for not obeying the word of God in this regard; and this principle will continue to be taught to us until we shall have availed ourselves of its blessings.

To spend our means to build up those whose only interest in us is for worldly gain, and who often, when our most vital interests are at stake, will not raise their voice to defend us, but will use their influence to bring oppression upon us as a people, is foolish in the extreme. Yet we have done this for a great many years, and some still do it, despite all the admonitions to the contrary. "Well, but," says one, "how can we help ourselves; we cannot manufacture what we must have, and we must patronize our enemies." To meet this objection adequately, we are brought still more closely to consider the subject chosen for this article, and to examine and see if it is not through neglecting to sustain the same, that this admission is forced upon us.

The primary object of co-operation was, that we as a people should take hold of it, and practise it, to build ourselves up, and just as fast as it blessed us with greater means, to launch out into new and varied fields of enterprise. Who will gainsay, that if we had taken hold and continued in the spirit in which it was given, that we would, years ago, have had many manufacturing of our own, employing our population, and producing many things which we must now obtain at a vast sacrifice?

But it is not only the sacrifice of money that we have incurred through not attending to this matter; a greater evil has resulted from it. Many of our youth of both sexes, have had their morals corrupted by having to leave home to find employment, and through thus being caused to mingle with those whose tongues and hearts have been anything but pure and holy. Had we a due regard for ourselves and for our posterity, we would cheerfully make almost any sacrifice in order that co-operation and home industries might be widely and permanently established.

In a country like ours, where capital is scarce, if home industries are established at all, they must necessarily be established at a sacrifice. The markets east and west of us are supplied with commodities, which are cheaply produced by first-class machinery. This machinery is very expensive, and it may take us a long time to get such facilities within our reach; but, because we have these obstacles to encounter, are we to conclude that we shall keep on buying from such sources all the time? Shall we rob our posterity of employment? and give that to others which embarrasses and enslaves ourselves, financially as well as morally?

The triumphs of capital have been, and are such, that the laboring classes, generally, are beginning to see, more and more, the necessity of combining to resist their force; and with the advancement of intelligence, this spirit will be gradually developed, until some day honest labor shall declare itself master of the situation.

Labor is the parent, and the only true source of all capital, and it is unnatural for the child to persecute and despise the parent that gave it birth; yet, we find this to be the case with

capital against labor, in too many instances, and the sooner that labor can shut the door against such unjust, narrow-minded, selfish treatment, and assert its dignity and independence, the better it will be for society at large. In the present state of affairs, the rich are extravagantly and mischievously rich, while the poor, many of them, are wretchedly, hopelessly poor.

Well, how can this evil be remedied? We reply, by a just, proper and intelligent method of co-operation. The elements exist in the laboring classes for a glorious emancipation, but they lack, at present, the union and intelligence, general enough to extricate themselves.

The same rule will apply to many of the Latter-day Saints.

If we wait till some good brother rises up among us, with sufficient capital of his own to start machinery enough of various kinds in this territory, to make us a free and independent people, we may wait a century, and then not see it done; but if we will go into co-operation, as fast as our means will permit, and put the many thousands of dollars we annually spend to enrich others, to good account at home, we will eventually grow into a great, grand and rich commonwealth. Why? Because we have not the drones in our community that some have, and because we have come from the work-shops, factories and various places of labor, and certainly have, without boasting, the excellence which accrues from labor, right within ourselves.

But we must not let the greed of a few dimes or dollars blind us, so that we will persist in passing our means over the wrong counters. We have no tariff law to protect our young, growing interests here; but we can be a protective tariff law to ourselves, and have an eye to future developments and emergencies. We must not expect impossibilities. We ought to remember that all new countries have had to make sacrifice for comforts and independence, and that they have had to put up with many inconveniences till they could be on an equal footing with older and more prosperous communities.

Let us, then, sustain our own interests, and not commit ourselves as we have done in the past, and when our consciences are void of offense in this regard, and in all others, we can consistently pray to God, and expect to be answered. But while we pray to Him to give us a oneness of spirit, and the will to conform to His holy behests, and seek not to sustain co-operation, we are praying for that which, in reality, we do not uphold.

A BERN FAIR.

BY A. W. C.

AT any place or time a fair is amusing and interesting, but a fair in Bern is more than amusing, it is intensely funny.

To the young people of Utah a fair means a large display of home products, home manufacture and home talent, where rewards are offered for the finest specimens of the stock raiser and agriculturist, the best pieces of workmanship and the most artistic and meritorious creations of native genius; and means, furthermore, the greatest possible interest on the part of the promoters, exhibitors and patrons. But here in Bern it is vastly different, and the semi-annual infliction is looked

forward to with much the same interest and anxiety as are associated with the anticipated arrival of a circus in Utah.

These fairs last, usually, a fortnight or three weeks and are the means of collecting in the city great crowds of people of all grades and classes. A host of street minstrels, beggars, most of them dreadfully deformed, peddlers and such characters seize this opportunity to infest the city.

The present fair opened Sunday evening, November 25th. The grounds were beautifully illuminated and decorated. In the center were two large riding chariots (in Utah we call them whirligigs) two stories high, most wonderfully furnished with wooden horses and velvet cushioned carriages, and gorgeously decked with hangings of silver and red, gold and purple, each one turning to the music of a large hand organ. These, it is almost needless to say, were well patronized, mostly by ladies and children, though frequently a man is seen whirling around in this marvelous equipage. As they turn round and round it is delightful to watch the sweet smiling faces of the children, how pleased and contented they seem to be, and the comical grimaces of the great boys and men, astride those little wooden horses.

On all sides are shooting pavilions most prettily lighted and artistically arranged with wooden figures of all kinds. Here wait pretty young girls to load and prepare the guns for the shooting, and, of course, the students and other fascinating young men are the principal patrons. The figures which are shot at are most grotesque and ridiculous; on each one is a target, which, upon being hit, sets the whole apparatus in motion. When the shooting is good, the sight is very amusing—and the sound quite deafening. There are blacksmiths hammering on the anvil, boys beating drums, girls ringing bells, men cymbals and all sorts of sights and sounds imaginable.

Interspersed with these shooting pavilions are photograph galleries, where you can get a beautiful picture taken in five seconds, "always handsome," which implies, of course, an improvement on nature. "The finest display of wax-works." "The greatest natural wonders of land and sea." "The great Sphinx trick," and "The most renowned circus in the world." Each one of these has an accompanying band, which is intended to charm the public and invite them to enter; however, the music has a different effect and is more likely to lead one in the opposite direction to prove that "distance lends enchantment."

Early Monday morning we are awakened by the gentle strains of the hand organ, and upon entering the street are astonished to see so many beggars, there being a Swiss law prohibiting beggary, and those who engage in, as well as those who encourage it are subject to punishment. During the fair season, however, these minstrels procure a license from the city which allows them to play their organs, beg and annoy the citizens generally. The streets are literally filled with them—beggars of every nationality, color and form. At every step, while listening to the strains of the charming "Il Trovatore," the stirring "Marseillaise" or the touching "Home Sweet Home," as they issue from the melodious instrument, we encounter a poor creature without legs, or blind, or maimed in some dreadful manner, whose business it is to collect the *centimes* which pity for his misfortune and gratitude for the music provided by his sturdier companion, is expected to draw forth from the sympathetic listener.

Markt Gasse or Market Street, presents each day a peculiar and striking appearance. On Monday it is decorated with onions, from end to end long strings of them hang from the arcades and ornament the street in various ways. The next

day crockeryware holds the places the onions have vacated, and again there is a large sale. Every *Frau* one meets carries a basket full of dishes.

The third day, umbrellas adorn the street, another day apples, a fifth boots, and so on, each day bringing some change.

On Tuesday a great stock sale takes place and the market is thronged with cattle. The salesmen look so queer in their wide, brown breeches, their short, blue blouse, their long pipes in their mouths and a whip in their hands, not queerer, however, than the buyer with his little swallow tail coat, his flowery velvet vest, and his cotton umbrella. This sale is most interesting and successful, till about three o'clock, when the market place is cleared and the cattle are all driven to their new homes.

And so the fair progresses, until the house wife having her store room well supplied with necessities, the wardrobes being all replenished, the barn yards well stocked, the sales gradually diminish and finally cease. The minstrels having exhausted the liberal purses seek other fields. The pleasure seeker having received full satisfaction and declining further patronage, the caravan moves on, and Bern once more subsides to its accustomed quietude.

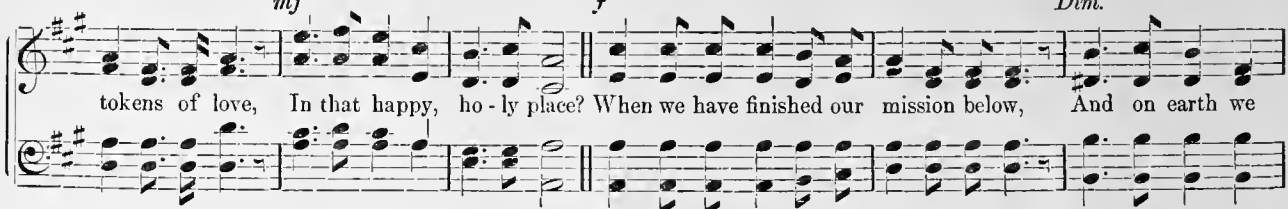
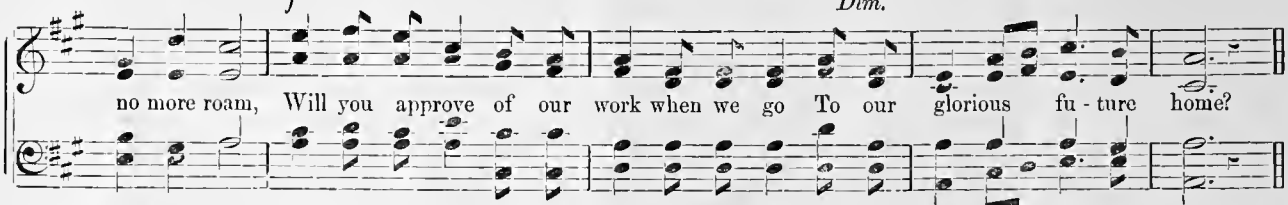
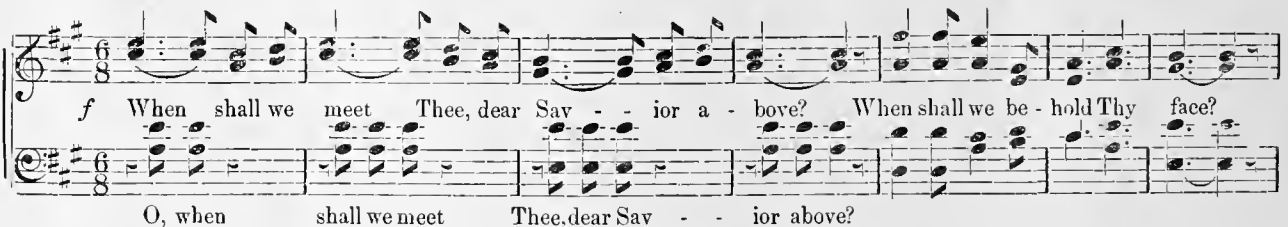
THE CLOCK-WORK OF THE BRAIN.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we will call the heart, silences, at last, the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest! That this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath? that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Unless the will maintains a certain control over these movements, which it cannot stop, but can, to some extent, regulate, men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect leverage or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we cannot touch its movement directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, and so alter its rate of going for a while, and, at last, spoil the machine.

Selected.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET THEE?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

*Spiritoso. p**mf**p**mf**f**Dim.**f**Dim.*CHORUS. *Moderato.**f*

When shall we meet Thee, our Savior and Lord?
When shall we Thy glory see?
When shall we go to obtain our reward
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?
When Thou wilt come in Thy glory and might,
Over all the earth to reign,
May we be holy and pure in Thy sight,
And Thy approbation gain.

When shall we meet Thee, Redeemer and Friend?
When shall we in heaven abide?

When shall the just to Thy mansions ascend,
Where our God and Thee reside?
When all our labors on earth are complete
And our mortal life is o'er,
When we have gone where our record we'll meet
On that bright eternal shore,

CHORUS AFTER LAST VERSE.

Then we will meet Thee, dear Savior above,
Then shall we behold Thy face;
Then we will greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place,

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